



Fixable Time



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Chapter 1 by TheImaginaryThing

I walked down the cobblestone streets of London, England. It was clear crisp midnight in January, I was meeting a girl I had known since I started going to boarding school with the Royal's son, Carlos, they had insisted since I was going to be living with them. The reason why I'm living with them, well, it's kind of a long story.. I was around the age of seven when it happened, mum was cooking dinner and dad was in his study working on some papers, I was in the yard playing with my pet dog; Scruffy. I know, so original, right? But I mean, he was very scruffy, especially when he hasn't had a bath in a few weeks.. Anyway, we played fetch and tug-o-war until mum called me in for dinner, and told me to go get my father and tell him supper was on the table. I ran up the stairs to father's study and knocked on the door, I then heard a muffled "Come in.." from inside the room. I opened the door to find my father among several piles of papers on his writing desk, along with the papers were small bottles with different colored liquids inside of them; all marked with words in what I thought were different languages. I walked over to my father, "Supper is ready, mum cooked our favorite; Haricot Soup." he nodded as he finished up a paper he was writing, then turned to me and smiled. "Well then, better not keep 'er waiting then, aye?" I smiled back and nodded, my dad, as you could probably tell by now, my dad is Scottish, my mum met him when her and her family were visiting some distant

relatives who lived there. We walked down the hall, my mind going back to the strange liquids in that were in the bottles. "Hey dad, see bottles in yer study?" He stopped walking and looked at me. "That's something an old friend gave to me before I left Scotland. I was told to use them for something later from what he said." I gave a confused look, he chuckled, "Don't worry just

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something he wants me to be prepared for, it's nothing you need to worry yer head about." I smile and nod, we then head downstairs for dinner, greeted by my mum fixing our dishes.

After dinner mum, dad and I went to sit in the lounge by the fire, "Dad, what's yer friends name, the one who sent you those bottles, and what is he like?" he chuckled and put his book down and put me on his lap. "Why the interest all of a sudden?" I smiled, "well they looked pretty neat, so I thought maybe your friend was too.." Before he could answer, my friend Graham showed up, I smiled "Hey Graham.." He waved and walked over to me and sat down next to me. Mum smiled "Is your friend back again, dear?" I nodded and smiled, "Yes..He said hi.." I'm the only one who can see Graham, he has dark brown hair, red-orange eyes, and he wears ripped jeans accompanied with a black shirt. I had to admit, he dressed weird, but he was the first friend I made when my family and I moved here; I trusted him with my life. He said he was my guardian, he would do anything to make me happy; to make me feel safe when my parents weren't around, so I mean, of course I trust him. The grandfather clock chimed signaling that it was 9 o'clock. "Alright, time for you to go to bed." I whined, "Aww, come on mum just a few more minutes?" My mother shook her head, "No, you have school tomorrow." I sighed and got up, "Come on Graham.." Graham and I headed upstairs and down the long hallway past my fathers study towards my bedroom and across from mine was my parents room, as we started to pass fathers study room Graham stopped at its door, "Hm? What do you want to go in there for? All that's in there are papers and ink bottles.."The door had been left ajar a bit, he pointed towards the strange colored bottles near the writing desk. "Oh, those? They're just gift from one of fathers friends from Scotland." Graham shook his head as if saying no, he opened the door a bit more and slipped in the room. My eyes widened. "H-hey, wait! What are you doing?!Graham!" Father ran upstairs to see what I was yelling and panicking about, but before I could tell him, or even open my mouth for that matter, a black smoke like substance filled the air and started to wrap around me. As I tried to squirm out of its grasp, everything looked like it was melting, my mother was out cold, father tried desperately to open the door to the study, as soon as he finally got it open the glass bottles exploded into a million tiny glass shards. The multi-colored liquids melted down the sides of the desk and onto the floor, then evaporated into small puffs or trails of pure silver smoke. Tension filled the air and I was completely enveloped in the strange black

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scarecrow sighed, "They're not here anymore. But they are somewhere safe." "Where's that?"
"..Heaven." He looked down at the ground as he said it. I never knew why but I never cried when he told me that.

"We have to tell you something." A guy with red hair and headphones spoke up.

"You idiot! He's still too young!" The blonde man with a halo and a torn handmade leather black wing frantically whispered at him.

The scarecrow sighed, "As much as I hate to say it, Present is right, it's not like we have an option here."

"Deal."

The scarecrow looked down at me confused, "What?"

"If dad and his friend trust you then do I." I shrugged "Simple as that." The Angel chuckled,

"Alright, you all heard him, he made the deal."

They all smiled at me as if I hadn't just met them all and e had always been friends, then in a flash of light disappeared, just like the whole thing had been a dream. This is how our tale begins, looking back at it, sometimes I wish I hadn't made that deal with them.

I snapped out of my thoughts and checked the time on my watch, 12:20. She should be here, Matthews park at the lighting tree at midnight, or at least that's what her note said. I leaned against the tree and sighed, but that sigh turned into a surprise gasp as I fell to ground as if being pushed. something had landed on top of me.

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I looked up to see a, girl? She was dressed in jeans and a purple blouse and some very weird lace up shoes.

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